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TRIBUTES

OF THE

Massachusetts Historical Society

TO

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

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From the Mass. Hist. Soc.

Winthrop, Mass.

TRIBUTES

TO THE MEMORY

OF

ROBERT C. WINTHROP,

BY

The Massachusetts Historical Society,

December 13, 1894.

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Massachusetts Historical Society.

DECEMBER MEETING, 1894.

The stated meeting was held on Thursday, the 13th instant, at three o'clock, P. M.; the President, Dr. George E. Ellis, in the chair. There was an unusually large attendance of members, as it was understood that the time would be specially devoted to tributes to the memory of the late Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who had died since the preceding meeting, in his eighty-sixth year.[1]

After the reading of the record of the last meeting, the President said that, in accordance with a vote of the Council, the regular order of business would be laid aside, and that there would be no communications of the usual character. At the close of the meeting some votes which it would be necessary to pass at the present time would be offered by the Treasurer. He then said: —

We have with us here to-day the remembrance only of an associate so long identified with these rooms, and so valued and honored by us as one who brought to the Presidency of this Society distinctions won in the highest ranges of public service. There are many places, scenes, and fellowships in which the career and qualities of Mr. Winthrop will be reviewed and commemorated. His life, lengthened through the fullest span of years till its springs were exhausted, gave him

[1] Mr. Winthrop was born in Milk Street, Boston, May 12, 1809, and died at 90 Marlborough Street, Boston, November 16, 1894.

space for the exercise of his rich endowments, attainments, and accomplishments in many and varied fields of elevated distinction. His full career was divided, in nearly equal terms of years, into three widely different forms of service and experience. In very early manhood he came into public life under the most favoring influences of opportunity and popularity. With a fine personality, gifted in presence and in speech, highly cultivated in scholarship, literary and classical, with pre-eminence in family and social position, he was courted and honored by rapid advancement, in civil, military, and political offices, in his native State. He justified the partiality shown to him by his full ability to meet all expectations, by his elevation of character, his talents, aptitudes, and eloquence, on many exacting occasions.

The second strongly marked period of his career was that which found him in honored positions in our national legislature, in the convulsions and distractions of the most perilous struggle in the life of our country, a storm in which two seas met. It was a time and an occasion of trial, with glooms and catastrophes, through which no earnest and prominent responsible actor passed unscathed by party heats, acrimony, and challenging of principle or courage. Mr. Winthrop's temperament and his instructed judgment prompted him to stand for conciliation and peace to the utmost edge of the alternative presented to our country. The alternative being decided, a fervid and steadfast patriotism guided his course, without passion or bitterness, till the issue closed. Privileged are those among us who have lived only after that conflict. For those of us who passed through it the best we can now do is no longer to revive or agitate those strifes, but to reserve them for quiet hours of reading and thought. It was among the privileges of his lengthened life that Mr. Winthrop survived not only all his leading contemporaries, but also the most embittered memories, misjudgments, and alienations arising from them. Such of them as concerned himself were kindly reviewed and conciliated. In the serenity and calm of advancing years, the

memory of them came to him only with gentle speech and judgments of charity. Politics exempted him from choosing place or responsibility in after contentions of parties.

The third period of Mr. Winthrop's life was that in which he was best known to most of you here. It has been, in the main, one of retired dignity, — the statesman's, the scholar's, the honored citizen's years of retrospect and repose. Yet it has been by no means an idle term, enriched as it was by labors of the mind and pen. Our last great bereavement as a Society took from us that loved and gifted man to whom all bright occasions made their appeal for a Poem. To Mr. Winthrop like appeals were made for Prose. Besides the multiplied occasions on which, with learning, grace, and felicitous speech, he met the constant course of time in events, with successive actors, it was his privilege to rehearse and glorify the four most signal incidents in our national history, — the Plymouth pilgrimage, the Centennial of Independence, the triumph at Yorktown, and the dedication of the Washington Monument. More than one hundred and fifty of our own countrymen, of various distinctions, besides many of eminence abroad, have received from his pen biographical or memorial tributes. From the four published volumes of his orations, addresses, and speeches, might be culled a well-nigh continuous history, narration, or relation of the chief incidents, local and national, in our annals, interspersed with the agency and influence of leading characters. In the wide and comprehensive range of benevolent and philanthropic methods which are in action so vigorously in our own privileged community, his years of retirement were most assiduously engaged. His name and his contributions are mentioned in connection with each and all of them, either as the official head in their management or as a generous patron. Our best organized charitable institution and method, Bible and other religious societies, the Children's Hospital and other noble objects, engaged his devotion and oversight. Chief among them was one most dear to him.

It is well known, at least to some of us here, that after that philanthropic banker, George Peabody, had exercised his own judgment in disposing his munificent benevolence in England, he visited his native country with the intent of dividing a yet larger sum for like objects here. He found that he needed not only suggestions, but discerning and wise counsel, intelligent advice. This he sought and received from Mr. Winthrop, his close friend for many years, of whose character and qualities he had the highest estimate. The largest gift our Society had up to that time received, in money, from any individual donor was that of Mr. Peabody; and he wished it understood, not being himself a votary of history, that his gift was wholly a personal testimony to our President. To the last month of his life, with its feebleness and its burdens, Mr. Winthrop gave his absorbed zeal and his patient oversight, in supervision and in detail, to the administration of the great Peabody Education Fund for the South. It was more than a surmise for some of us, that Mr. Winthrop's love and labor in that service were moved by a sympathetic desire to heal the wounds of a desolating strife.

The chief matter for recognition by us here in the long career of our late associate, in the wide range of his accomplishments and interests, is his connection with and his great services to this Society. More than once, in pleasant private converse with him in his later years, he said to me that the place he has filled here, with its duties and opportunities, had furnished many of the highest pleasures and satisfactions of his life. As a member of the Society for more than half of the century of its existence, and its President for thirty years, only our older members are fully informed how much the Society, in its present vigor and activity and resources, is indebted to his wise promptings and oversight. His family name, from that noble, honored, and revered leader and Governor of this wilderness Colony who first bore it, with its gatherings of repute and esteem for generations, might indeed have fitly entered into the

corporate title of this Society. The most precious relic in the manifold treasures of our cabinet — answering to the saintly deposit in an old shrine — is the autograph history or journal of Governor John Winthrop, who was more than the Moses of what is now our beloved State; who to goodness and purity and wisdom added full ability, fidelity, and consecrated devotion to his high enterprise. Some three-and-thirty years ago Mr. Winthrop succeeded in rescuing from comparative oblivion in Connecticut an exceptionally large collection of ancestral manuscripts, which among its priceless contents disclosed papers bearing tenderly pathetic evidence of the whole-souled consecration of John Winthrop to that exigent enterprise. They showed that in parting with manorial and other property in dear old England and in investing all his means in this Colony, he burned his bridges behind him, severing every tie to his native land, and yielding every purpose of returning there again, as did some of his original associates, to his sad regret. In the same collection were found, as his Lares and Penates, his treasured ancestral and family papers, reaching back in their dates and subjects to a period before the unveiling of this New World. As one of the three most opulent of the associates, he gave his all to the enterprise so exhaustively that when he died the Colony assumed gratefully the guardianship and support of his fatherless and portionless young boy. Besides papers of his father and grandfather, and his own, there were later ones of his sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons, including a mass of correspondence of a miscellaneous character, concerning and revealing interesting personal and historical information of nearly every individual known and active in our first century. Besides original papers of great variety and value scattered through all our published volumes, six of them are wholly filled with materials fitly bearing the name of Winthrop. We recall with what modest prefaces on his own part our late President from time to time communicated to us some illuminations of the past from those time-stained

records. Among them is one which as we take it in hand seems, as by an electric spark, to revive its message of tender sorrow and sympathy from the long past. It is a letter written in Governor Winthrop's house (on the site of the Old South Meeting House) on the day of his death, March 26, 1649, signed by magistrates and ministers, and addressed "To our deare and honoured friend John Winthropp. Esq. at Pequod." It was to be carried by an Indian runner, "Nahawton, whom they did esteeme a Trustie and swift messenger." Borne through forest trails, across bogs and streams, it conveyed to the son the tidings of his father's death. Every word of that letter seems to carry with it the tears and tributes of hearts "to the precious account and desert" of the venerated man whom they solemnly mourned. They proposed to delay the "funeralls" for seven days, that the son might be present and have "the ordering" of them. It is grateful to know that the runner and the letter fulfilled their purpose.

I had occasion when our late President resigned that office to make a brief rehearsal here of the zeal and devotion, so faithful to us, which he has given to this Society, to its revived activity, to the increase, development, and use of its resources. My words then are on our records.

Since he fell back into the ranks as an associate, he has given us many tokens of the strength of the ties which bound him to us. Many things of value, for shelf, cabinet, and record, with his own comments and interpretation, enrich our stores. As long as the burden of increasing years allowed, borrowing strength from his wishes, he climbed these stairs, and took his wonted place among us, seldom without gift or helpful words. Of his courtesy, urbanity, and dignity of mien you were all observers, and will keep the memory of them. Some among us have expressed a mistrust lest the once familiar bearing and style for the conventional term, "a Gentleman," might yet fall in with the "Antiquities" collected here. We all of us know one who bore and graced that title.

The Recording Secretary, Rev. EDWARD J. YOUNG, then read a letter from Rev. Dr. Lucius R. Paige, now in his ninety-third year, who was not able to be present, together with some remarks which he had intended to offer at the meeting. Dr. PAIGE'S letter and remarks are as follows: —

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Dec. 12, 1894.

DEAR SIR, — Fearing that I may be unable to attend the Society meeting to-morrow, and acting upon your suggestion, I forward, herewith, a copy of what I intended to say if I had the opportunity.

Truly yours,

LUCIUS R. PAIGE.

REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS, D.D.

Mr. President, — I shall not attempt to delineate the character of Mr. Winthrop as a scholar, an orator, or a statesman, but shall only speak briefly of him as a personal friend. Like yourself, Mr. President, and several of our associates, both Mr. Winthrop and myself traced a lineal descent from Governor Thomas Dudley. Whether this remote kinship had any influence on me, I know not; but I do know that on my first introduction to him, I was conscious of some peculiar attraction, which became stronger and stronger as our acquaintance ripened. No cloud ever cast a chilling shadow on us. I never failed to receive a cordial greeting when we met; and our birthday and other written salutations have not been interrupted for many years. I need not say that such friendly intercourse was more and more prized by me, as the infirmities of age increased, and other sources of happiness diminished. I have had my full share of the sorrows allotted to those who attain old age. One by one, a large proportion of my old friends have left me to deplore their loss. Especially is this true in regard to this Society. Of all those who were members at the time of my election, you, Mr. President, are now the only survivor; and Mr. Saltonstall alone remains with us of those who were elected during the next fifteen years. Indeed, of all our associates, more than one hundred in number, who became members during the first half of my term of membership, only

fifteen remain among the living. With many of the departed I enjoyed an intimate acquaintance, and I deeply lamented their loss; but I may surely be pardoned for saying that the death of no other of the whole number has affected me so painfully as that of Mr. Winthrop.

Mr. YOUNG also read the following resolutions, which had been adopted by the New York Historical Society, and transmitted to this Society: —

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At a stated meeting of the Society, held on Tuesday evening, Dec. 4th, 1894,

The President of the Society, the Hon. John A. King, announced, with appropriate remarks, the death of the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, LL.D., an Honorary Member of the Society, and submitted the following minute for record, which was unanimously adopted: —

Since our last meeting the Society has learned with deep regret of the death, in Boston, Mass., on the 16th day of November, 1894, of the late Robert C. Winthrop, LL.D., an Honorary Member of this Society since the 4th of January, 1859, when he was elected upon the motion of the late John Romeyn Brodhead, LL.D.

Mr. Winthrop was for more than a generation the distinguished President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and was honorably connected with many kindred institutions, national, historical, literary, and philanthropical.

It is therefore

Resolved, That the New York Historical Society, in thorough appreciation of the pure and high character of its late Honorary Member; and in recognition of his great eminence as a Statesman, Scholar, Orator, Philanthropist, and as a Christian Gentleman, desires, in offering this tribute of unusual respect to his memory, to bear testimony to the serious loss sustained by the community and the whole nation in the withdrawal from our midst of a citizen who had been so distinguished, and of such public benefaction, during a long life, which had been graciously extended far beyond the fourscore.

Resolved, That a record of these proceedings be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and also to the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Extract from the minutes.

ANDREW WARNER, *Recording Secretary.*

Mr. CHARLES C. SMITH, having been called on, said: —

None of the older members of this Society can have come here to-day without a deep feeling of the services rendered to it by our late distinguished associate. Certainly no one who was privileged to sit with him at this table can look back on his Presidency with any doubt as to the place he must always hold in our annals. Of those who served with him on Committees of Publication I am the sole survivor; but there too he left his strong impress as a working member, to which I gladly bear testimony.

Mr. Winthrop was elected a member of the Historical Society in October, 1839, in place of that accomplished gentleman, the Hon. William Sullivan; and fifteen or sixteen years later, when he stood twenty-fourth on our roll, he became President as the successor of the Hon. James Savage, then perhaps the highest living authority on New England history. Of the officers elected on that day, one only is now living, our venerable and valued associate, Rev. Dr. Paige; but among them were three men whose names should always be held in honor for long, faithful, and efficient service performed here, — Charles Deane, Richard Frothingham, and Chandler Robbins. Sixty-four years had passed since Jeremy Belknap and his seven associates met at Mr. Tudor's house in Court Street to organize this Society, and the highest expectations of our founders had been more than realized. A library of manuscripts and books, now of priceless value, had been gathered; a part of the estate on which this building stands had been bought, and thirty-two volumes of Collections had been printed. But with Mr. Winthrop's election to the Presidency a new era opened. A fresh interest was given to the monthly meetings, and a larger attendance of members was seen. With the Annual Meeting held in April, 1855, when he first became President, began the publication of the Proceedings, which has been continued without interruption down to the present time; and before he left the President's chair two

volumes of Early Proceedings were prepared and printed by a committee of which Mr. Deane was chairman. In the mean time seventeen volumes of Collections, two volumes of a Catalogue of the Library, and a volume of Lowell Lectures, by members of the Society, with an introductory address by the President, were added to our previous publications. Mr. Winthrop had been a working member himself, and he had inspired others to work. The gift of the magnificent Dowse Library, mainly by the intervention of a lamented associate, George Livermore, largely increased our literary treasures. The purchase of this estate was completed, and the present building was erected. This was not all. Of the twelve funds now on the Treasurer's books, eight were received during his Presidency; and it is within my own knowledge, as it is within the knowledge of others, that for the largest and most useful of them we were indebted to our benefactor's grateful regard for Mr. Winthrop, rather than to an interest in historical studies. To this I might perhaps add that all the gifts aggregated under the title of General Fund were also received during the same period. By his last will Mr. Winthrop gave to this Society a generous bequest, without restrictions as to its use, which has already been paid over to the Treasurer. At the proper time the Society will be asked to set this sum apart as a special fund, the income to be expended as the Council may direct. There can be no impropriety in adding that Mr. Winthrop was not possessed of a large property, and that this bequest must therefore be counted among the most striking proofs of his lifelong interest in our work.

Fortunate in his birth, fortunate in his education, fortunate in his training on larger fields of endeavor, and in his wide acquaintance with men and affairs, Mr. Winthrop brought to the Presidency of this Society qualifications which ripened and expanded down to the very close of his service. There never can have been a more dignified or more graceful presiding officer. But he did not confine himself to a discharge of

the routine duties of the chair. It used to be said of him, in no unfriendly or critical sense, that he magnified his office. His sketches of our deceased associates read here, as one by one their names were erased from the roll of living members, form a unique and varied portrait-gallery; and not less interesting and valuable were the personal reminiscences with which from time to time he enriched our Proceedings, and the original documents drawn from that vast storehouse of historical materials fortunately acquired by him many years ago. Many of us will recall with pleasure the special meetings of the Society held at his houses in Boston and at Brookline, and the frequent occasions, in summer and in winter, when the same elegant hospitality was extended to the officers and active members in smaller numbers.

At no time did Mr. Winthrop take a deeper interest in the work of the Society than in the last years of his Presidency, or find a greater satisfaction in the discharge of his official duties; but he was especially solicitous that his term of service, which far exceeded that of any of his predecessors, should not be too much prolonged. In more than one year he conferred with me on the question whether the time had not come for him to withdraw from the chair. There could be but one answer to that question. It was clearly and unhesitatingly given; and it foreshadowed the unanimous judgment spread on our records at the Annual Meeting in 1885, when it was announced that he had declined to be a candidate for re-election. Since that meeting more than one third of the names now on our roll of living members have taken the places of those who could bear personal testimony to the value of Mr. Winthrop's services. The record and the tradition of those services, however, will always remain among the precious inheritances of this Society.

In what has now been said I have purposely dealt only with Mr. Winthrop's relations to this Society. But it must not be forgotten that his Presidency was coincident with his greatest intellectual activity in the same field outside of our little com-

pany. With possibly one exception all those great addresses which gave him a foremost place as a master of commemorative oratory were delivered while he was the official representative of this Society. The oration at Plymouth in 1870 came midway in his Presidency, and was followed in the next ten or eleven years by the centennial for the Declaration of Independence, and the address at Yorktown. To these must be added a long list of addresses delivered on less memorable occasions in the same third of a century, which would have secured reputation for any other orator, and which together form a collection of permanent interest and value. It was in the same fruitful period that he published the two volumes of the Life and Letters of John Winthrop, to which all future students of our earliest colonial history must turn, as they do to Winthrop's own journal, to complete the half-told story of a great life and of the beginnings of the Massachusetts Colony.

Of what Mr. Winthrop did in political life as a member of our State Legislature or in Congress, of what he did in behalf of organized charity and to alleviate the sufferings of helpless childhood, of what he did to raise the standard of theological education in his own religious body, as President of the Massachusetts Bible Society, as Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund, and in the various ways in which a public-spirited citizen makes his influence felt, much has been said, or will be said, here and elsewhere; but all reference to what he did in these ways has been left for others, in order that emphasis might be laid on his relation to the purposes for which this Society was founded. If you seek for his monument here, you need only look around these rooms, and read the record of his devoted service in the long line of our Collections and Proceedings, to which he so largely contributed.

Dr. Samuel A. Green spoke as follows: —

When death comes to a man full of years and full of honors, who has led a spotless life, and whose bodily frame has be-

come enfeebled by the infirmities of age, his departure is not an event for sorrow, but rather an occasion for devout gratitude that he was spared during so many years. The noble example of such a man is as lasting as the countless ages of time, and is never lost, for the continuity of life keeps up the thread of connection. Of this type of manhood Mr. Winthrop was an eminent instance; and he illustrated in his own character so many sides of a distinguished career that it is somewhat embarrassing to select that particular setting in which he shone the most, as he was so brilliant in them all. The world at large knew him under the manifold aspect of a ripe scholar, a wise statesman, a finished orator, and a Christian philanthropist; but at this time I shall speak of his work solely in connection with the Peabody Education Fund, that noble trust founded to promote the cause of popular education in certain States of the American Union. To the casual or careless observer it might seem that labors in this rough and uninviting field were beneath the attention and dignity of a man who had filled so many high offices, but this view of the case would be superficial.

When George Peabody was putting into definite shape the long-cherished plan to distribute in his native land a large share of his princely fortune in token of his gratitude for the many blessings that had been showered upon him, Mr. Winthrop was the first person with whom he held long and confidential relations on the subject. For months before the letter of gift was written to the Board of Trustees, he had been in close correspondence with Mr. Winthrop in regard to the matter; and for the successful beginning of his great benefaction it was fortunate that Mr. Peabody had the advice of such a counsellor, which on the one side was freely given, and on the other as readily accepted. At an early day an Act of Incorporation was obtained from the Legislature of the State of New York, under which his almoners were created a body by the name and title of "The Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund." By this Act Mr. Winthrop was

made permanent Chairman of the Board; and it is needless to say that the duties of an office were never better or more conscientiously performed. His care and forethought were seen equally in the larger affairs of the Trust, and in the details of its minutest business. No subject ever came up for consideration which did not receive his most thoughtful attention, and his counsels always carried great weight. Outside of the domestic circle, his loss will be felt nowhere to a greater degree than among the members of that corporation, who looked to him for practical suggestions.

When Mr. Peabody's gift was made, the Southern States were staggering under many burdens, both financial and political, resulting from the effects of the Civil War; and the cause of popular education was met everywhere by obstacles that were then considered almost insuperable. Public schools were unknown in those States; and, with the sparse population of the neighborhood, it was very difficult to introduce a plan which would lead up to such a system. Entangled with the question was the presence of a large class of unfortunate beings, thoroughly lacking in all kinds of mental training, for which they themselves in no way were responsible; and this element complicated a free solution of the problem.

At that time, without some aid and encouragement from the outside world, it is very uncertain what course of action would have been taken in order to ward off the evils. The fact was recognized, however, that popular education was the proper remedy for the troubles; and Mr. Peabody's benefaction, coming in the nick of time, turned the scale in the right direction. The number of schools and colleges at the South helped from the income of the Education Fund in former years was very large; but at the present time the distribution is confined to institutions of a high grade, or is used to supply courses of instruction and lectures among teachers in the several States. The testimony of the various Superintendents of Education in those States has always been strong and unanimous in regard to the practical help thus given.

In the autumn of 1886 a Training School for Teachers, under the charge of Professor David B. Johnson, was established at Columbia, South Carolina, which was named after Mr. Winthrop, in recognition of his eminent services in behalf of the cause of popular education at the South. In December, 1887, the school was incorporated by an Act of the General Assembly, and from that time till the present it has continued to grow in the number of its students and in general prosperity. To-day it stands one of the largest and most successful institutions in any part of the country for the training of young women as teachers. A touching tribute to the memory of Mr. Winthrop, on the part of the officers and students, is shown in their custom of keeping the anniversary of his birth as a holiday, and of celebrating the event in a manner befitting the occasion. This school, now known as the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College of South Carolina, has far outgrown its original limits; and at the present time a large and commodious structure is in process of building at Rock Hill, of which the corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the last birthday of Mr. Winthrop.

In his Annual Report, made at the end of 1893, President Johnson recalls the fact that this institution, now in the way of becoming so conspicuous and destined to such high ends, was originally organized without State recognition through financial help from the Peabody Education Fund.

It may be worthy of note, also, that Mr. Winthrop's last formal production of a literary character was an address prepared for the Annual Meeting of the Trustees of the Education Fund in New York, on October 4, when he expected to be present and to deliver it himself, but owing to the infirmities of age was unable to attend. The paper, written only a few weeks before his death, was read at the meeting, and showed on the part of the writer no signs of mental weakness; and it was marked by all that felicity of expression and vigor of style which so peculiarly belonged to him on such occasions.

In many prominent walks of life Mr. Winthrop's efforts have

long been conspicuous, but in the humbler fields of usefulness his labors have been equally important, and in after-years they will place his name high up on the roll of those men who have served mankind in their day and generation, and have reached distinction through their philanthropic work. The foresight of a statesman is clearly shown throughout Mr. Peabody's great scheme, which did more than legislation could have done to close up the rifts caused by many a deadly struggle between brothers of the same household, friends of the same neighborhood, and citizens of a common country. For these delicate touches the London banker was indebted to the sagacity of the gentleman who by his presence so often graced the meetings in this room. Statecraft will save when doubt will destroy.

Mr. Henry Lee said: —

Mr. President, — Eighty-five years ago, the old town of Boston was not a sojourn but a dwelling-place, year in and year out, from birth to death, from generation to generation.

Its citizens not only lived in, but for their town; on it were concentrated their affections; they observed all anniversaries, they participated in all solemnities and festivities, they discharged divers duties now delegated to paid substitutes.

In my school and college days Mr. Winthrop was coming forward, and among the figures of the past none is more distinct than his, because of the part he played in all pageants, and because of his handsome face and figure which made his part attractive.

I admired him marching at the head of the Harvard Washington Corps; later as captain of the Boston Light Infantry, famed for its spirit and for its series of handsome young officers; later still in perfection as senior aide-de-camp successively to three governors.

These positions he owed to his name and to his external graces; these were but the trappings, he had that within which passeth show.

While captain of the Harvard Washington Corps, he was chum of Charles Emerson, the most remarkable of the remarkable brothers, and he had the third oration at his graduation.

While aide-de-camp, he was elected a member, and before his time Speaker, of the House of Representatives; then Member of Congress, where he rapidly came to the front.

While on the staff of Governor Everett, he was wont to attend the dinners of the Cadets, and to gratify us not only by his comely presence, but also by his graceful oratory, vying with that of his eloquent chief. A stately figure, a dignified manner, a mellifluous voice, gave effect to his words.

After Mr. Everett, we have had no orator who has irradiated so many occasions, local and national, with historic research and sage reflections presented in clear and euphonious speech.

I allude to three of these orations, not because of their relative superiority, but because they serve to illustrate, — his Bunker Hill oration, his power to reinvest with interest a subject already exhaustively treated; his oration at Yorktown, his skill in weaving as on a Brussels carpet loom the intricate web so as to assign to the many actors in that siege — French, British, and American — their places, and to set forth their characteristics, and yet not to impede the flow of the narrative; the address on the Centennial of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, his fulness and readiness. Called upon in an exigency, with but twenty-four hours' notice, he gave an interesting review of the century's record, and discriminating eulogies on its most eminent members. It could not have been more complete, more finished, if he had taken a month instead of a day for preparation.

But what repeated proofs of these qualities has he not given at the monthly meetings of this Society during the thirty years of his presidency!

A letter received, a document unearthed, a lost member to lament, an anniversary to commemorate, — some opportunity offered or created, was improved by him.

His learning, his extensive intercourse and correspondence

with interesting men at home and abroad, stored in a tenacious memory ready for use, enabled him to invest the subject, whatever it might be, with interest, and each time to renew our admiration.

Many of us can claim descent from the magistrates and clergy of the first generation, but unless we bear their names, our claim is disputed; we are virtually disinherited, we are not identified with them. John Winthrop had many living descendants who had thus lost their inheritance. Those who were heirs of the name as of the blood, had passed away from this vicinity.

Mr. Winthrop had six brothers, whom some can remember as handsome, stalwart men, but he outlived them all.

So it came about that he was left the sole representative in Boston of the family in his generation; and his identity with his great ancestor was, as it were, thrust upon him.

When he was born, the contour of the peninsula (for happily it was still a peninsula) had been preserved; it was the Boston depicted by Emerson, —

> "The rocky nook with hill-tops three
> Looked eastward from the farms,
> And twice each day the flowing sea
> Took Boston in its arms," —

a fascinating semi-rural sea-girt town, retaining many features of its old colonial days. The houses stood mostly apart in their gardens, some of them associated with historic names.

Born in one of these old homes, the first objects which met his eyes as he was held to the window were the Old South Meeting House and its parsonage standing on the Governor's Green, the home of his ancestor, the wise and beneficent founder of the town and State.

The contemplation of this ancestral ground, the sight of old houses which this ancestor had entered, family traditions, the reading of Winthrop's Journal, must have tended to associate the past with the present, and to impress upon him his birthright.

If, as aide-de-camp, he rode beside the governor as he reviewed the troops on Boston Common, he must have recalled the day when the two regiments in the bay were mustered on that same Common — led, the one by his ancestor, Governor Winthrop, the other by the deputy, Governor Dudley, who was equally his ancestor — to perform their warlike exercises.

He could not, as an officer of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, receive or resign his spontoon without remembering that it was his ancestor who had bestowed the charter and who had presided over these annual ceremonies.

He could hardly attend a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society without hearing our first governor quoted or referred to.

What a beautiful manifestation of filial piety was his editing and writing the "Life and Times of John Winthrop," at once a romance and a history, giving a fascinating picture of the life of the lawyer of the Temple and the lord of the Manor of Groton, surrounded by attached friends and kindred; and of his forsaking all this to "runne an hazard with them of an hard and meane condition," by agreeing to "pass the seas, to inhabit and continue in New England"; of the tender parting and happy reunion of the husband and wife, and of the multifarious cares and trials and achievements of the gentle, wise, magnanimous man and magistrate, during his nineteen years here.

Mr. Winthrop was "given to hospitality"; he received his friends, his friendly acquaintances, and his fellow-citizens on appropriate occasions with that nice gradation of manner of which he was master; he entertained strangers of rank and distinction in the full sense of that word, and he leaves no successor with the inclination and the ability to take his place.

The proud little sea-girt town has sprawled out into a dismembered city; its picturesque profile and outline are gone; the waves no more beat against the Neck, — there is no Neck; the old James Bowdoin house was long ago wiped away, its acre

of garden covered with buildings; the English Puritans are displaced by men of strange speech and customs, and, bowed down by infirmities, the last of the Boston Winthrops of his generation has followed the long line of his ancestors from the first governor, and faded from our sight.

Mr. Hamilton A. Hill said: —

I shall confine my remarks to one of Mr. Winthrop's historical addresses.

It was my good fortune to be a member of the executive and legislative party which accompanied Governor Long to Yorktown in October, 1881, to take part in the centennial celebration of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to the allied armies of America and France. On this occasion, Mr. Winthrop was the orator, and it was his last appearance, I believe, before a large audience; his oration on the completion of the Washington Monument, in 1885, was delivered by proxy.

The Yorktown celebration was for every reason a memorable one. Among those present were the governors and high officials of the original thirteen States, and of many of the States subsequently admitted to the Union; General Sherman, Admiral Porter, and other officers of the army and navy who had distinguished themselves in the War of the Rebellion; representatives, as guests of the nation, of the French and German officers who participated in the siege of Yorktown and who witnessed the surrender; and President Arthur, who only a month before had succeeded to the chief magistracy on the death of President Garfield. The new president had not had time to construct his cabinet, and was accompanied by Mr. Blaine, Mr. Lincoln, and other members of the late administration who were holding over at his request.

The recent national bereavement, as Mr. Winthrop said, had "thrown a pall of deepest tragedy upon the falling curtain of our first century"; it cast its shadow over the Yorktown celebration, and gave an undertone of sadness to the oration. "I cannot forget," said the orator, "that as I left

President Garfield after a friendly visit at the Executive Mansion last May, his parting words to me were, 'Yes, I shall be with you at Yorktown.' We all miss him and mourn him here to-day."

Among other features of the celebration, which continued through three days, were the presence in the river of a large number of vessels of war, conspicuous among which were Farragut's ship, the "Franklin," and Winslow's, the "Kearsarge"; a review of ten thousand troops, regulars and militia, by General Hancock; and the laying of the foundation-stone of a monument decreed by Congress in 1781, but never begun until now. The 19th of October was the great day, when, after addresses by President Arthur, M. Outrey, French Ambassador at Washington, the Marquis de Rochambeau, and Baron von Steuben, Mr. Winthrop pronounced the oration which he had been invited to deliver by the Committee of Congress. These exercises took place in a temporary building erected for the occasion, decorated with the flags of the United States, France, and Germany, but otherwise bare and rude. The ceremonial, however, was not dependent upon any accessories for its dignity and impressiveness; for, as Mr. Winthrop said, "the theme and the theatre were above the highest art."

At my request, Governor Long has given his remembrance of the day in a few words, as follows: "I vividly recall Mr. Winthrop, as he appeared at Yorktown as orator there at the centennial celebration in 1881. It was the full corn in the ear, the noble presence of a man, past threescore and ten indeed, yet so vigorous and graceful in his manly ripeness, so courteous, dignified, and gentle in his manners, and of such impressive intellectual stamp, that he was easily the central commanding figure of the scene. He seemed to be a striking type of the orator of forty years ago, — the contemporary of Everett, — a Massachusetts scholar and gentleman."

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the well-known English correspondent, thus described the scene: "Perhaps the decorum of the

throng was equalled by its evident intelligence. To the very end of Mr. Winthrop's prolonged oration, all around the fringes of the audience were to be observed people with their hands at their ears, jealous lest a word should escape them. No point made by the speaker was missed, or failed to obtain its fullest meed of appreciation. During Mr. Winthrop's fervid and eloquent peroration, the intenseness of attention on the orator's words was so close that you might have heard a pin drop. The people had come to listen, and they listened with all their force."

Mr. Forbes was impressed by the great tact displayed by Mr. Winthrop in his references to Great Britain, and by "his hearty and unaffected expressions of loving good-will for 'Old Mother England,'" as he called her. "To-day," he wrote, "afforded fresh proof that a warm heart is the truest guide to good taste."

Mr. Winthrop was in excellent voice, and delivered the oration in his best style. This was the more gratifying and the more remarkable, because, owing to the poverty of the arrangements, the absence of proper care for the guests, and the general confusion, he, in common with many others, had been obliged to suffer discomforts, if not positive hardships, which in his case particularly must have taxed severely his powers of endurance, and which might easily have embarrassed him in the discharge of the responsible and exacting duty to which he was called. It was said of him and the other speakers, "Their words will live when the trifling annoyances of the hour are forgotten"; but it is only justice to him to recall at this time the serious disadvantages in the midst of which a great oratorical success was achieved.

The Yorktown oration is generally recognized, I believe, as one of Mr. Winthrop's noblest discourses. The story of the events which led up to the siege and the surrender, is graphically told; and a competent critic has said that no more noteworthy gallery has ever been painted than the series of portraits which he has here sketched of the men of the va-

rious nationalities who on either side were prominent in the conflict. It is safe to say that there was no one living except himself who possessed in combination the personal knowledge and the acquired information necessary for such truthful and brilliant portraiture. And, all unconsciously, in this work of delineation, the speaker has given to us an illustration of something very characteristic of himself. His heart was so thoroughly under the influence of that charity that "hopeth all things," that *nil nisi bonum* was his rule of speech concerning both the living and the dead. He was always ready to say a kindly, pleasant, and graceful thing, when this did not involve the obliteration of moral distinctions. At Yorktown, while there was no breath of extenuation for the treason of Benedict Arnold, the wilful and obstinate king, of whom an English historian has not hesitated to say that "the darkest hour of English history lies wholly at his door," was thus gently dealt with: "Who doubts that good old George III. spoke from his conscience, as well as from his heart, when he said so touchingly to John Adams, on receiving him as the first American minister at the Court of St. James, 'I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed my people'?"

The tribute to the character and services of Lafayette was doubly impressive, as spoken by one who, as he told his audience, had "personally felt the warm pressure of his own hand and received a benediction from his own lips," under the parental roof nearly sixty years before; who had seen the private letter written to President Monroe by the French patriot, from Yorktown, October 20, 1824, describing his visit to the place on the forty-third anniversary of the surrender; and who had learned from the lips of James Madison, during a visit to him not many years before his death, to think and speak of Lafayette, not merely as an ardent lover of liberty, "but as a man of eminent practical ability, and as great, in all true senses of that term, as he was chivalrous and generous and good."

The words of counsel, of warning, and of hope with which the oration closed, could have been prompted only by lofty patriotism and an unswerving Christian faith. The cause of education, in which Mr. Winthrop had been heartily enlisted for many years, and which was especially dear to him to his latest days, was most earnestly presented in its relations to the prosperity and perpetuity of the republic. "Universal education," he said, and let us remember that he said this on the soil of Virginia, "without distinction of race, must be encouraged, aided, and enforced. The elective franchise can never be taken away from any of those to whom it has once been granted, but we can and must make education co-extensive with the elective franchise; and it must be done without delay, as a measure of self-defence, and with the general co-operation of the authorities and of the people of the whole country." And again: "Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of freemen with votes in their hands are left without education." It seems proper to record side by side with these impressive words a sentence written in preparation for the annual meeting of the Trustees of the Peabody Fund in October last. After referring to public events which had been discouraging and depressing during the official year then closing, Mr. Winthrop added: "Meantime we may well rejoice that the great cause of popular education, so far as it is in our hands, and which is the basis of all our best hopes for the future, has met with no check." "Popular education, — the basis of all our best hopes for the future"; this was the latest utterance of a long-cherished conviction, which found its most memorable and perhaps its noblest expression at Yorktown thirteen years before.

Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D.D., spoke in substance as follows: —

Unfamiliarity with the custom of this Society upon such occasions is my apology for speaking informally and without notes.

The fact that Mr. Winthrop was more than a generation older than myself limits my associations with him to the later years of his life. His remarkable career in the House and Senate of the United States is pure history to me. At the same time this very fact suggests one interesting feature of his character; for, though of an earlier generation, his sympathies were strong with the life and people of the present day, — though in thought and manner of the old school, he counted among his many friends those whose chief interests are in the immediate problems of life.

To the boys of a generation ago, Mr. Winthrop stood as a stately representative of what was most dignified in American life. I can remember him driving through Brookline, or a guest in my father's house, as subduing us with deep reverence for his character. The fact that he was to be a guest made of the entertainment an occasion. His entrance into the room gave dignity to the whole company.

To see Mr. Winthrop reverently worshipping in Trinity Church, Boston, was to the boys of that generation an object lesson in the essential unity of statesmanship and Christian manhood. In his religious associations he was a Churchman, or, as he would prefer to say, a humble and unworthy follower of his Lord, Jesus Christ, finding his most helpful religious associations in the Episcopal Church. For his hold on the Church was not so much through logical conviction as through deep sympathy with its principles and traditions. By bonds which are often stronger than logic, the conditions of inheritance, associations, taste, and temperament, the essential elements of the Church were inwrought into the texture of his character. He never allowed his Churchmanship to limit his sympathies with Christians of other names, and he counted among his dearest friends the leading members of many other Christian bodies. His devotion to the parishes of Trinity Church, Boston, and St. Paul's Church, Brookline, was strong and faithful. Phillips Brooks was his frequent guest and constant friend. Mr. Winthrop was for sixty years a member of

the vestry of Trinity Church, Boston. At several sessions of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church he was a delegate from the Diocese of Massachusetts, and took an honorable part in the discussions and legislations of the Church. His simple faith and evangelical spirit, together with his dignity of bearing, culture, and chivalric temper, combined in one personality the best elements of the puritan and the cavalier.

Mr. Winthrop's religious faith was also revealed in a life of charity. His great work in connection with the Peabody Education Fund has already been alluded to. He was for twenty-five years the President of the Boston Provident Association, and for a number of years President of the Massachusetts Bible Society and of the Children's Hospital. He held positions of responsibility in many other associations. As an Overseer of the Poor in Boston for several years, he devoted much thought and time to the problems of pauperism and poverty, even in their minutest details.

When Mr. Benjamin T. Reed founded the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge a little over twenty-five years ago, Mr. Winthrop was one of the few gentlemen whom he called to his counsel and aid. During his last years he was the only surviving member of the original Board of Trustees, and for over ten years he was the President. The School marked its twenty-fifth anniversary by the erection of Winthrop Hall, given by patrons of the School in recognition of Mr. Winthrop's services to the institution. Built of stone, of English academic architecture, dignified and set back from the street, the Hall is a fitting memorial of one who had so deep an interest in all that Cambridge with its University and other institutions represents.

Allow me to close these informal remarks with a few words which suggest one or two other features of his character. In exceptional characters we are often asked to pardon certain weaknesses and breaches of true courtesy, but Mr. Winthrop pardoned none such in himself. Though the sweep of his interests was large, he allowed no details to be neglected.

As the presiding officer of many associations he was not a mere figure-head, but he gave freely of his time and thought to the smaller as well as to the larger responsibilities of his position. Courtesy to the least detail was an essential element in his character. Even in his later years, upon the entrance into the room of a young man, Mr. Winthrop would struggle to his feet in order that he might meet him with dignity and full courtesy. Bishop Brooks used to say that one test of Christian charity was to be found in a legible handwriting. Under this test Mr. Winthrop stood high, and of the hundreds of letters that he wrote one will rarely find an erasure, but always the free hand and the easy style of a true gentleman.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams then said: —

Although the present is a regular meeting of the Society, held at the stated time, and notified in no unusual way, it is, I presume, well understood that we are here to despatch no business of routine, — to listen to no papers on general topics. We have come with but one thought, our obligation as a Society to Mr. Winthrop; and to bear witness to the personal and even affectionate regard we feel for the man.

Yet the occasion is not what I would have had it. I am, of course, aware, as I presume all here are aware, that, in pursuing this somewhat commonplace course, we are acting in deference to Mr. Winthrop's understood wishes, as expressed through members of his immediate family. He, who had for so long been such an overshadowing personality in these rooms, had come to look upon himself as more or less a memory, — a shade from the past in them, — indeed, to many of those who gather here only as a fading tradition, — and accordingly he thought best to intimate a desire that his death should be noticed in no unusual way; for, in his own estimate, he had already long passed from the scene.

For one, it does not to me so seem, — far otherwise. In this matter, therefore, — while careful to pay all due deference to Mr. Winthrop's slightest wish, — the Society, I thought,

owed something to itself. It is under a debt of obligation to him which made Mr. Winthrop — no matter how long he might live or how completely the advance of age might separate him from us — ever and always our first and most prominent member, — in spirit and by general acceptance, as well as in fact, the head of our roll. Any exceptional respect we could pay his memory became therefore our privilege, from which deference could not debar us. We owed on this occasion something to ourselves and to our own feelings. My wish, therefore, was that now, as in the cases of Mr. Deane and Mr. Parkman, the tribute of the Society should be emphasized, and should go upon its records with all possible form and solemnity. It was decided otherwise ; and I regretfully concurred in the decision. Individually, I claim my privilege now.

Of Mr. Winthrop, I propose to speak as one of Us, — as for more than fifty years a member of this Society and for thirty years its President ; but first I want to say a few words of another aspect of his character, and to me a most attractive aspect. As we go on in life, — as little by little we rid ourselves of the ambitions, the hungry craving and the eager self-assertions of youth, and, accepting the position the world assigns to us, one by one instinctively in our turn label our cotemporaries, as we put them away in the pigeon-holes of memory, — as we do this, I say, we come more and more to realize that with men the essential thing, after all, is not what they do, but what they are. In the course of a long life the inner nature is surely revealed, whether in success or in adversity ; and better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. Much reference has been made since Mr. Winthrop's death to his connection with public life, — so brilliant in its beginning, and so soon, so long since, brought to an abrupt and early close. It was to public life that Mr. Winthrop first devoted himself ; it was to that he felt a call ; and, to the call, he answered. His course was at the outset, and long, a succession of triumphs ; — Speaker of the Massachusetts House

of Representatives at 29; member of Congress at 31; Speaker of the National House of Representatives at 38; United States Senator at 41; there seemed no prize of public life to which he might not with reason as well as confidence aspire. All this was so long ago that the generation which knew of it has quite passed away; but, a legend now, it was none the less a reality then. Those even of fifty years do not realize, and when told will hardly credit, the possibilities of both office and influence which then seemed open to Mr. Winthrop, — waiting for him to grasp them. To appreciate these possibilities one must go back out of the present, — back through the forty-year deluge of events, — to the half-forgotten memories or the unfamiliar records of what has become already an historic — almost a remote — past. There was, for instance, little in common between Robert Charles Winthrop and John Greenleaf Whittier; yet in July, 1854, Whittier, a man of 47, wrote to Emerson thus of Winthrop,[1] a man of 45, "I may be mistaken, but I fully believe that Robert C. Winthrop holds in his hands the destiny of the North," — and he then goes on to point out how, by pursuing a certain political course, Mr. Winthrop might fix the attitude of New England on the great issue of the day. And even now, looking back beyond the far different event, it seems to me the Quaker poet, who was not lacking in political shrewdness, had reason for his faith. He clearly saw in the impending upheaval the possibility for Mr. Winthrop to take that course in New England politics which at the very time Mr. Seward actually did take in the politics of New York. As is evident now also, the opportunity did exist.

This is no time to consider why Mr. Winthrop did not see his way to grasp the great occasion. I will merely say that I do not think his were the temper and the cast of mind to grapple with the conditions of the time in which his lot was then cast. He was by nature adapted for more orderly surroundings, more formal and regular events; and, just as two centuries earlier

[1] Pickard, Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier, p. 374.

and on another but not dissimilar stage, Hyde and Falkland gave way to Pym and Vane, so in 1854 the trained and more moderate public characters of the earlier period were forced into the background by the fiercer energy of those by Nature selected to do the rough, stern work then in hand to be done.

This Mr. Winthrop could at the time hardly see; nor did others, I remember, see it more clearly than he. Checked in the full swim of success and thrown out of public life in 1851, when only forty-two years of age, Mr. Winthrop had a right to suppose that in his chosen career he had sustained a mere temporary reverse. And I remember well a remark of my father's to me, — for, boy though I then was, I took an intense interest in the politics of the day, — I well remember, I say, a remark of my father's, who, at the time, was strenuous on the opposite side to Mr. Winthrop, to the effect that, so far as Mr. Webster was concerned, at his advanced age Mr. Sumner's election to the Senate was a final and fatal political blow; but as for Mr. Winthrop, he added, "he has only, like every one else in politics, had a stroke of ill-luck, — the wheel will turn again." But, for Mr. Winthrop, the political wheel never did turn again; it stopped midway in his life, and it stopped when its movement was fast, and seemed sure.

Then it was that the man's nature, coming to the surface, slowly asserted itself for what it was worth. His chosen career was thenceforth closed to him; and hope deferred maketh sick the heart. To others belonged the prizes which had seemed within his sure grasp; and, at the age when to most life only just begins to move on assured lines, the path closed for him. He was destined thenceforth, a mere looker-on, to watch the chosen arena in which it was no longer his to strive. The acid of disappointment is to man's nature a test not less severe than the intoxication of success; and, under such circumstances, the poorer nature is apt to evince bitterness, to indulge in covert criticism, if not open attack, — to repine over lost opportunities, and give way to discouragement and sloth. With Mr. Winthrop there was none of this. Accepting the

situation, dignified in defeat, he set to work in the narrower field to which the chances of political life had consigned him, and in that field made himself supremely useful; nor this alone, as the years passed on he became ever more dignified, more gracious and more kindly in bearing and in speech, more chary of criticism and more aidful in action. Like good wine, he ever, even to the late end, improved with age. What more or better could be said? — It is not what we do, but what we are; and better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

But it is of Mr. Winthrop as member and President of this Society, and not of Mr. Winthrop as a political character, that I have said I more especially proposed to speak. As its President through thirty years, — a third part nearly of its entire existence at the time he resigned the position, — the Massachusetts Historical Society owes to Mr. Winthrop a debt of obligation hard to overstate and impossible for it to pay. He gave it form, consistence, character, dignity, momentum. For such a Society as this, he was, too, an ideal head; for not only did he possess every essential attribute, but he possessed each attribute in a high degree. The descendant of him correctly known as "the Father of New England," a patrician, a distinguished orator, an author as well as a careful historical investigator, a courteous and dignified presiding officer having the interests of the Society always at heart, Mr. Winthrop had not only means and a universally recognized social position, but in a marked degree also he had what is known as the social faculty. So he loved to dispense a generous hospitality; and as one passed through his doors, there came the feeling that he who entertained us was to the manner born, and that the Society participated in, was in itself a part of, all that he had or was. As our President he thus constantly magnified the position; and in so doing he magnified our Society. Unless I greatly err, also, Mr. Winthrop, so far as this organization was concerned, had an ideal which he more than any man I have ever met was qualified to realize,

had fate been propitious to him, — a lofty ideal; but he was for himself and the work he thought to do not fortunate, — he was a day too late in public life, a day too early in the evolution of learned societies. He should have been the President of the American Academy; and the time for the American Academy has not yet come.

And when I speak of the American Academy, I have in mind something which has not yet assumed form, — something which our material and political conditions have in fact hitherto not favored, and may render for a long time, perhaps forever, impracticable. I am of those who think that neither democracy, as it is called, nor democratic methods, have to do with literature, science, or art. These, in their highest form, are the ultimate results of a great concentration of life, wealth, and thought, — of evolution, and the survival of the intellectual fittest. Just as there is no royal road, so there is no popular path to true learning, or correct observation, or refined taste. Instead of developing on our political lines, therefore, and seeking expansion in the largest possible membership, as has been too often the case with the so-called learned societies of this country, the Academy should, it seems to me, run directly counter to those lines, and seek to concentrate in itself only the last and best results of educational effort. It is membership in the Academy that should be sought; and not members for it. It was such a society as this, I think, that Mr. Winthrop had ever in mind; a Society the seal of which should be recognized as a mint mark; a Society an election to which should be to an American what an election to the Academy is to a Frenchman, — the blue ribbon of letters. And surely, no American of his day was so well qualified as Mr. Winthrop to guide the policy and preside at the sittings of such a Society. Industrious, methodical and learned, — grave, eloquent, dignified and courteous — coming of a distinguished ancestry to which he himself gave new distinction, a leader in social life, — he naturally assumed leadership there, and that leadership was tacitly conceded to him. Thus endowed, he did much for us;

unfortunately, we could not in return give him a theatre sufficient for the full display. The stage at best was narrow, and his audience small.

I have said that Mr. Winthrop was essentially a patrician ; and in his case that word implies a great deal, — far more than at once appears. More than any man I ever met, with the exception possibly of the late President Quincy, Mr. Winthrop filled the conception of what an hereditary peer in the best English sense should be ; but, far more than Mr. Quincy, with his robust, fiery energy, Mr. Winthrop gave one the idea of being in this country somewhat out of place, — he was a little *déclassé*. He had to make his own position ; in England he would have found it made for him, and he would have filled it to perfection. He would have been in his native element in the House of Lords, and, there, a potent factor for good. It would have been the same in social life ; on the platform of the learned or scientific association ; at the council board. He would have worn his robes and upheld his coronet with grace and native ease, as one born to them. He would have been an ideal Speaker of the Commons ; and, as a Lord Lieutenant, he would have carried himself as should the representative of a Crown. Conscious of the responsibilities as well as of the dignity of rank, he would never have forgotten its prestige or abused its privilege. Thus he would have vindicated and justified an aristocracy ; while in a democracy, even though born and brought up to it, he was never in all respects fully at home. To him the atmosphere was thin and chill. Though he probably never realized it, and might even have warmly, though always courteously, have denied the imputation, he would have thriven better in another clime, — amid an atmosphere of tradition, recognition, and caste. Craving form and state and ritual, he would, as I have said, have conferred lustre on an Earldom.

Thus the going of Mr. Winthrop marks a veritable epoch in the history of our Society. Through more than twenty years, ever since the death of Mr. Savage in March, 1873, his name

has headed the roll of our membership, his presence has filled this room. There is in the possession of the Society a photograph of its members grouped together in front of Mr. Winthrop's home at Brookline on an occasion when, as was his wont, he entertained them there on a pleasant day in June some thirty years ago. In that group the figure of Mr. Winthrop is the central figure, — that about which the others seem naturally to arrange themselves; and one instantly accepts the fact, feeling that it was right and proper it should be so, — altogether appropriate and in accordance with the fitness of things. That photograph was in its arrangement typical of the Society, before and then and since. The first name is stricken from our list; the central figure gone from our gatherings.

It lacks now less than six months of a full score of years since I first entered these rooms as a member. Mr. Winthrop then occupied the chair which you, Sir, now fill; for yet ten years longer he continued to occupy that chair. For the rest, the names since one by one dropped from our roll speak for themselves; and they speak too for our Society. Next to Mr. Winthrop came my father; and not far below was Hillard. Further on were Richard Frothingham, Charles Deane and Francis Parkman, a notable trio. The name of John Lothrop Motley presently arrested the eye; and then, in close juxtaposition, those of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, — *par nobile fratrum*. Jacob Bigelow also was there, with Richard Henry Dana, Russell Lowell and Edmund Quincy; while Rockwood Hoar and Ralph Waldo Emerson, the two survivors of the great Concord triumvirate, — the first still of us, but, alas! never again to fill here his accustomed chair; the last an ever-mightier shade, — these two fitly close the great procession. I have said that Mr. Winthrop's stage here was narrow and his audience small; but those I have named constitute a goodly company. Then they were all living men, — our associates here; associates than which no Society whether in the New World or in the Old

could boast a choicer array. Orators, statesmen, and diplomats; historians, poets and conversationalists; wits, jurists, philanthropists, philosophers, — they were, and they remain, a galaxy the brilliancy of which time will only enhance. They are now all names and memories; but, great and radiant as many of them are, they will ever in the memory of us, their survivors in this room, group themselves naturally and as of course, even as in the photograph I have referred to, about that one dignified figure and gracious courtly presence, — the figure and the presence of Robert Charles Winthrop.

The President then asked the members, without adopting a formal vote, to express their regard and gratitude to their late associate by rising, and all rose.

The Treasurer, Mr. CHARLES C. SMITH, said that there were some matters of business on which it was necessary or desirable for the Society to take action at this meeting. As he had stated, Mr. WINTHROP'S bequest of five thousand dollars had already been paid into the treasury; and he accordingly presented the following vote, which was unanimously adopted: —

Voted, That a Fund be created to be called the Robert. C. Winthrop Fund, the income whereof shall be expended for such purposes as the Council may from time to time direct.

Our distinguished associate, Senator HOAR, was prevented from being present at this meeting, owing to the session of Congress; but the esteem in which he held Mr. Winthrop is evidenced by the following letter from him to the latter's son, at whose request it is here inserted.

UNITED STATES SENATE, December 4, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. WINTHROP, — In spite of your father's fourscore and five years, and of the fact that few men living can remember the time when he was not held to be one of the great men of the country, it almost seems as if his death were premature.

His intellect seemed during these last years as vigorous and fresh as when he made his first appearance in public on a great occasion at the Harvard Centennial in 1836. He was our finest example of the grand old name of gentleman, and his departure is not merely the end of a great individual career, but the severing of the last living tie with a great generation.

While my first political activity was in very earnest opposition to the party of which he was one of the most conspicuous leaders, and while I believe he has never voted for the candidates whom I supported, yet I have been in accord with him in political opinion in many important particulars, and I am gratified and surprised to see how constantly I find authority and support for the things I believe in some of his public utterances. No one who has to speak on any important occasion on any subject connected with American politics or with history or literature should fail to consult your father's four volumes of Addresses and Speeches. They are storehouses, not only of original thought, but of apt quotation and illustration; and in his estimates of the character of his contemporaries or of men of former generations, I hardly recall an opinion which does not seem to me wise and sound, as well as expressed with unequalled grace and eloquence.

He always treated me with the greatest consideration and courtesy, and I was especially drawn to him from the fact of his great esteem for my father, — an esteem which was fully reciprocated, — and because of his great affection for Charles Emerson, who was the idol of my childhood. There is no man left who possesses such a store of rich and abundant learning, or such rare oratorical powers, or such dignity and grace of personal bearing, as were your father's.

"The knights are dust."

I am, with high personal regard, faithfully yours,

GEORGE F. HOAR.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP, Jr., Esq.

After the foregoing addresses were in type, and just one week from the date of this meeting, the President of the Society, Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D., LL.D., died suddenly of apoplexy, at his house, 110 Marlborough Street, Boston, in his eighty-first year.